

A Hands-On Approach by **Luddleston**

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Summary:

Zagreus relaxed a little but still felt unreasonably flushed, his feet and his laurels giving off sparks. “Well. All right, then. For all my education, I’m not actually great at seducing people, anyhow. So you’ve got nothing to worry about.”

When he finally gathered the courage to meet Patroclus’ eye again, he found Pat giving him an analytical look. “For all your education...?”

Patroclus would like Zagreus to show off what Achilles taught him.

Sequel to [A Well-Rounded Education](#)

A Hands-On Approach

Author's Note:

Thank you to the No Escape discord for giving me the absolute blessing that was this prompt, this fic was so insanely fun to write and I know a lot of folks have been looking forward to Pat getting involved in this series!! It's a series now!

Zagreus couldn't remember what accidental slip of the tongue-turned-innuendo had gotten him into this, but Patroclus' response had turned him bright red from head to toe.

"Are you trying to seduce me, stranger?"

"Of course! Not! Of course not. No." He wanted very much to roll himself into a ball and disappear, and he dug his feet into the ground he was sitting on, the smell of burning grass and earth filling Patroclus' usual haunt. "I mean, you and Achilles..."

"Peace, my prince. I'm joking with you," Patroclus said, laying a soothing hand on Zagreus' shoulder. "I know you weren't."

Zagreus relaxed a little but still felt unreasonably flushed, his feet and his laurels giving off sparks. "Well. All right, then." He stretched out his legs so he didn't so terribly char the landscaping, although Elysium's foliage grew back in mere moments. "For all my education, I'm not actually great at seducing people, anyhow. So you've got nothing to worry about."

When he finally gathered the courage to meet Patroclus' eye again, he found Pat giving him an analytical look. "For all your education...?"

"I... I mean..." No. Nope. Zagreus did not want to have this conversation, thank you very much.

Patroclus was, unfortunately, one of the most brilliant people Zagreus knew. "You had a mentor, then. Must have been someone in the house. Probably a

man, your father's a traditionalist. Somebody he thought would keep you in line, too, I'm sure your rebellious streak really started to show in your adolescence..."

"Pat, please!"

A slow smile crept onto his face, and he was silent for long enough that Zagreus thought he might not bring it up.

Alas. Patroclus was also a menace.

"It was Achilles, wasn't it?"

Zagreus wasn't about to lie to him, so he only nodded, lowering his head, not quite able to look Patroclus in the eye. "Yes. It was. He and I... we haven't been together for a long time." Not since Achilles pronounced his training complete, and Zagreus had taken up with Meg. He had tried not to think about it, and he'd been mostly successful.

"And why not?" Patroclus asked him. He seemed entirely nonplussed, still sitting in a lazy sprawl that was more comfortable than weary, now that he'd been reunited with his lover.

"Well, at the time, it was, hm." Zagreus shook his head. "Doesn't exactly matter now. I wouldn't want to get in the way of the two of you, that's all."

"Achilles and I shared our affections with others in life," Patroclus told him. "I fail to see how it should be any different now."

"I didn't know," Zagreus said. Achilles had rarely spoken about his past relationships—that was why, when Zagreus started bringing him gifts, trying to rekindle what they had as a real romance, he'd been surprised to learn that Achilles' heart was otherwise occupied.

Patroclus sat up, inclining his head so that he was very close to Zagreus. If Zag leaned any further forward, they could meet in a kiss. Zag did not lean any further forward.

“You don’t want to show me what he taught you?” Patroclus asked, his voice lower and sweeter than Zagreus had ever heard him, eyes dark with a heat Zagreus recognized. This was different than when Achilles approached him, gentle and permissive, requesting that Zagreus ask him for the attention he gave. Different even than when Meg propositioned him, all teeth and claw, outright telling him what she wanted him to do, giving him a word to say no and moving forward without permission as long as he didn’t say it.

This made Zagreus feel like he’d wandered into a trap, except that instead of falling into a mess of spikes or in front of a glowing spear, the pitfall was full of lust, hot and thick as Asphodel’s magma.

He wanted to. Oh, but he wanted to.

“I can’t,” he gasped. “I can’t.” He had to repeat it, not entirely sure whether the first time it’d come out as *yes, please*. “I just—need to—maybe talk to Achilles?”

“I understand,” Patroclus said, back to his usual mildness, although he sounded less irritated than he did on a regular basis. He was purposefully being kind to Zagreus about it, then. “I should bring it up with Achilles as well, most likely. I’m sure he’ll enjoy hearing about it.”

Zagreus couldn’t entirely interpret that, but he had to get out of here before he agreed to show Patroclus exactly what he’d learned, twice over.

Maybe he’d meet Asterius in the next chamber. A couple blows from that axe would knock the horny right out of him.

“Right. Okay. I’ll go, then.”

“Hurry back, stranger,” was all Patroclus said to him, and Zagreus prayed to whatever gods would listen for a suitably distracting fight.

— — —

“I didn’t intend to frighten him off, I can promise you that.” Patroclus did not mention that he absolutely had intended to make Zagreus squirm, because Achilles could probably gather that without his saying so.

Achilles only replied with, “*mmh!*” because Patroclus was describing his most recent conversation with the prince while he opened Achilles up on his fingers. He wasn’t exactly looking for Achilles’ input into the conversation, or he wouldn’t have been massaging Achilles’ prostate in the gaps in conversation where he was meant to answer. Mostly, Patroclus was just pausing to listen to him.

“Did you really teach him everything?”

“Ah—yes. I did. *Pat*—“

“Did you teach him *this*?” Patroclus demonstrated with his fingers, twisting inside of Achilles to spread him open.

It took a moment for Achilles to gather himself enough to answer. “Not... not as such. I mean, he usually—*oh, there*—he prefers being underneath me. As it—as it were.”

“You know, I’m somehow not surprised by that,” Patroclus said. “He was so flushed when I brought it up, should’ve known you were fucking him.”

“Mm. Pat,” Achilles said, back arching as he fucked himself on Patroclus’ fingers, “get on with it.”

“Only if you tell me how good our dear prince feels when you do this to him,” Patroclus bargained, twisting his fingers again just to get Achilles to grip at the bedsheets as he agreed to Patroclus’ terms.

“You could,” he said, instead of agreeing, “find out for yourself.”

Patroclus, who had always had trouble denying his partner anything, got on with it. “Could I?” He ducked his head to press his lips to Achilles’ neck as he pushed inside, half-stifling a moan against his skin. “He all but turned and ran... gods, how do you always feel incredible?”

Achilles replied in one labored breath, fingernails digging into Pat's shoulders as he clung to him. "Of course you could." He pulled Patroclus in to kiss him again before continuing. "You could just... say the word, and he'd spread his legs for you."

"*Fuck*." His grip on Achilles' hips tightened, and he rocked forward, the sudden penetration making Achilles clench tighter around his cock. "You can't just say that. Now I can't stop picturing it."

Achilles only laughed. "What? You don't want to imagine how lovely he'd look beneath you?"

Oh, he'd imagined it plenty. Zagreus was like Achilles in many ways, including in that he was beautiful in a way mortal men were not. Patroclus wanted Zagreus just like this, spread out in his bed and begging for it with every action, pulling him in to kiss him as if he couldn't help it.

"You know," Achilles said, when they parted, "he can come from just this, nothing else."

Patroclus braced one hand under the back of Achilles' knee to spread him wider. "Can he?"

"Yes. I was a bit surprised the first time it happened. He's so..." Achilles momentarily lost his words, and Patroclus slowed helpfully so that he could find them, which only prompted Achilles to dig his heel into Patroclus' lower back, urging him faster. "Don't slow down, you tease, fuck me like you're going to fuck him."

"Only if you keep talking," Patroclus said.

"It's remarkably hard to form words when you're—ah, *harder!*" Achilles begged, his head thrown back, looking as irresistible as ever. Patroclus obliged, as did Achilles. "He's sweet. And he's *needy*, gods, I think I've only been able to fully wear him out the once."

"I'll bet the two of us could handle that."

“I think if we offered to do that he’d lose it immediately. And be on you immediately after.” Achilles’ fingers dug into the pillow behind his head, so tight the fabric protested. “Gods, Pat. I’m close, just thinking about him—“

“Do something about it then, won’t you?” Patroclus did not admit that he felt the same. It wasn’t necessary—Achilles could doubtless already tell. “Get yourself off while you think of him, and let me watch.”

Achilles whined his name, the syllables slurring together. It was an indication that he was at the very edge, too overwhelmed to even fit his mouth around words. Patroclus let go of his leg, fitting both hands to Achilles’ lower back so that he could lift Achilles’ hips and drive into him at an angle that stole the words from Achilles’ mouth entirely.

When Achilles came, fucking alternately into his own fist and back onto Patroclus’ cock, it was impossible for Patroclus not to follow after, clutching Achilles tight to him and spilling into his willing body. Achilles refused to let him go after, displeased by the idea of separating any further than what was required to let Patroclus pull out of him.

They lapsed into their usual comfortable silence, trading kisses and gentle touches, Patroclus running his fingers through Achilles’ hair to work out tangles.

"He said it had been a while since the two of you were together," Patroclus mentioned, after some time.

Achilles nodded, swallowing before responding, his voice still a little hoarse. In these moments, he felt both more human and more spirit than ever. "After some time, I could see no way I could disguise my continued interest in him as teaching him how to be with a lover. I told him I believed his training to be complete." He took Patroclus’ hand, holding it close to his mouth, kissing his knuckles and breathing against his palm. "He was... upset. I honestly cannot say whether he would want to be with me again. But he looks at you like there's nothing he wants more."

"Hm. I suppose you haven't noticed that he looks at you in the same way," Patroclus said, watching Achilles’ eyes go wide. He never had been good at

telling whether someone was interested in him—in life, he'd assumed anyone he met would fall for him, in death, he seemed to guess the opposite. "He said he'd talk to you about it. Has he?"

Achilles shook his head, then pursed his lips, as if searching for something to say. "He did seem very strange last I saw him. But he wouldn't have brought it up then, Thanatos was in the hall with me."

"I suppose you'll have to catch him on his own," Patroclus said.

"I'll have to wait for opportunity to strike."

"No, don't do that!" he pushed at Achilles' shoulder, an action that promised some light roughhousing to follow. "If you wait, the moment will never come—just tell him, love. Else I'll be longing for him for eternity."

"Well," Achilles said, "we could not have that."

— — —

Zagreus and Achilles rarely trained these days, considering the way Zagreus was getting plenty of practice out in the field. When they had the opportunity, though, Zagreus delighted in it, and so when Achilles challenged him to a fight, he picked up Stygius and threw himself into it without even bothering to ask where in hell Achilles managed to send Skelly.

The courtyard outside his room wasn't very large, and Achilles' spear gave him a longer reach, so it was difficult for Zagreus to avoid being boxed in or cornered at any moment.

It was also difficult, after his conversation with Patroclus, not to think of the time he'd dropped his sword and, rather than surrendering, begged Achilles to have him.

He pushed past the memories of Achilles' blade at his throat, Achilles' hands on his body, and dashed out of the way of another strike, turning and flipping to release one of Stygius' supernovas, rattling the flagstone beneath

them and forcing Achilles to give him a few steps of ground. Achilles was quick to react, but the sweep of his spear did not connect, passing bare inches away from smacking Zagreus upside the head as Zagreus bent backward to avoid the strike.

Rather than stepping back and waiting for the next attack, Zagreus immediately went on the offensive, driving his sword forward and managing to pierce through the fabric of Achilles' cloak. It immediately reverted to its prior appearance, but both of them knew his strike had connected.

"Good," Achilles said, "you've been learning a lot out there, it seems." He didn't relent in his attack while he spoke, each motion practiced and perfect, his form pristine.

This was how Zagreus knew Achilles was not fighting with his full capacity.

"Yes, well, I've been training against shades who are actually attempting to end me," Zagreus said. He wasn't quite as good at talking while he fought as Achilles, and had to focus hard on his next few parries.

"You think I'm not trying?" There. The next engagement was a little rougher, Achilles lunging at him with just the slightest hint of his legendary fury—that rage Zagreus only caught snippets of when Achilles appeared by way of Antos to defend Zagreus.

"Send me to the Styx if you want," Zagreus said, "I'll pop out and we can go another round after Hypnos—nngh! Dammit." Achilles still pulled his punches, jabbing Zagreus with the blunt end of his spear. It rammed hard into Zag's solar plexus anyway, making him wheeze before he managed to pick himself up. If Achilles was any old Exalted, Zagreus would be dead, but Achilles waited for him to rise to his feet.

"That wouldn't serve my purposes," he said. "I wanted to talk with you."

"This—" Zagreus said, only barely avoiding another strike, "—does not promote easy conversation."

"I suppose it doesn't," Achilles said, sounding very mild for someone who nearly took Stygius straight to the heart. "But it's what I know."

Zagreus' next strike was sloppy, and Achilles' spear-point nicked his cheekbone, sending Zag's red blood flowing down to his jaw. He was being backed into another corner and he knew it.

"This was how it was with Patroclus," Achilles said. "He actually managed to knock me off my feet in a spar and I kissed him, and then I didn't stop."

"What?" Zagreus stopped cold—if Achilles hadn't pulled that last blow, Zag really would have been sent to the Styx.

"Zagreus." Achilles' spear-point was at the fast-beating pulse in Zag's neck, and Zagreus was becoming more and more certain this mirroring of the first time they came together out of impulse rather than out of obligation was intentional. "I think we're past the point of couching our words, so I'll ask it straight out: do you still feel... do you still feel the way you did when I told you my heart belonged to another?"

"Did Pat...?"

Achilles was smiling now, a little wry. "He might have insinuated that I'd still have a chance with you. That we both would."

Zagreus had stopped moving entirely, but his heart was racing double-time. "Well." His voice came out as more of a gasp than words. "Put down your spear and I'll show you how I feel."

"Oh! I really should have done that earlier." Achilles let go of his spear and it hung in midair, like Theseus' but less showy and pink. "It wasn't my intention to interrogate you at spear-point. That was... needlessly intense."

"It's a good thing your intensity is extremely attractive," Zagreus said, and because he was shaking with the effort to keep from doing so, he finally lunged forward and flung himself into Achilles' arms.

Achilles caught him with relative ease, but had to shift to keep the skulls on Zag's pauldron from prodding into his shoulder. Kissing him was so wonderfully familiar, Zagreus felt tears prickle at his eyes, the emotion rising within him too much to contain. Achilles' hand settled on his back, on his bare right side, his bracer rough against Zag's skin.

Zagreus *knew* this, knew how Achilles moved, how he tasted, the particular deep chuckle that rumbled in his chest when Zagreus got over-eager. It was unbelievably nostalgic, and simultaneously brand new.

Achilles' hands didn't stay put, instead, he seemed to be attempting to touch every inch of Zag's body, his pectorals and his arms, his back and his thighs. Zagreus wasn't coordinated enough to do much more than cling to Achilles' cloak and kiss him back with everything he had in him.

"I'd forgotten how much I like your hands on me," Zagreus said. He was specific, because he had not forgotten for a moment how much he liked Achilles' mouth on him, especially when, as now, Achilles ducked his head to kiss along the tendons of his neck. "Blood and darkness, you always feel so—"

"Hm?"

"I can't... I haven't got words for it."

Achilles kissed his mouth again, and Zagreus couldn't help but smile into it. "I can't say I have any words for it, either," Achilles admitted.

"Take me to bed." Zag's voice came out smaller than expected, sudden nervousness overtaking him.

"I will, love." Achilles nudged him forward, until the railing around the courtyard was pressed against Zag's lower back. "After this."

Achilles, from what he'd told Zagreus, had never bedded him out of duty or obligation, but there was a difference between what he'd done then and the way he was kissing Zagreus now. He was *greedier*, entirely impolite,

putting his thigh between Zag's and laughing brightly when the friction made Zag's eyes roll back.

"We ought not to go much further," Achilles said, letting Zagreus grind against his hip despite his words. "Patroclus is jealous enough already."

"Oh gods, so he really wasn't kidding about wanting to know what you taught me," Zagreus realized, his arousal somehow compounding with the knowledge that *both of them* wanted him.

"Not in the slightest," Achilles confirmed. "He asked me about it quite extensively."

"Oh? What did you tell him?" Zagreus asked, hoping to fluster Achilles.

He did not fluster Achilles. He got something much better. "To be entirely honest, I could not describe much more than the basics. The important things: how well you take it, how lovely you are, how you look at him like you want him to have you until you can't breathe." Achilles' voice was rough and low in his ear, and it had Zagreus running so hot his skin was starting to prickle all over, his clothes starting to feel awfully confining. "It was difficult to go into specifics—he was fucking me too hard for me to think."

Zagreus groaned, rocking his hips forward to rub himself off against Achilles' cock. He'd admittedly thought about Achilles and Patroclus together one or two dozen times. Especially when he arrived at the Elysian glade where they spent their time and caught them a little ruffled, as if they'd been passionately kissing before Zagreus interrupted.

He'd never imagined, though, that in their intimacy, they would speak of *him*.

"You like that, don't you?" Achilles asked, his voice low and sultry in a way it usually only became by accident, when he let himself slip. It was purposeful now. Zagreus was realizing that Achilles had taught him how to be seductive, but Achilles had never seduced him. "You like knowing that

we're so hot for you we can't help ourselves. That your name is on our lips when we're in bed."

Well.

Now, he was imagining it.

"I like it," Zagreus agreed. "More than." He liked it so much he was *ludicrously* hard, aroused in a way he hadn't been since his first few times with Achilles. He could come fully clothed, just like this. "Take me to *bed*, Achilles."

Achilles clicked his tongue, his hand dipping down to cup Zag's ass and shift him closer. "I told Pat I wouldn't, not without him. But you really do appear to need it."

"Yes, I bloody need it, Achilles, *please*."

"I'm sure he'll understand," Achilles said. "After all, leaving you in such a state would be just terribly rude of me."

"Thank you, sir. Now, should we—"

"No need." Achilles' hands gently loosened Zag's grip on his cloak, placing both Zag's hands on the railing so that Zagreus could hold himself steady.

Then, in the middle of the courtyard with all of Tartarus spread out around them in a charming vista of torture, Achilles got on his knees.

Zagreus almost could not look at him. Achilles had done this for him on multiple prior occasions, and had been sweet and gentle and patient with Zag's eagerness while he did it. Now, he was smirking, as if he was party to some secret Zagreus did not know. Like he had plans.

"Shall we see if you've retained what I taught you about being a gentleman and treating your partner kindly?" Achilles asked him, while Zagreus undressed as quickly as possible and almost dropped his belt over the side of the railing. "Or would you rather fuck my throat?"

Was he dead? Did he die, and was this some weird fever-dream he was having as he floated down the Styx?

"Zagreus." Achilles looked very near concerned. "This is okay, right?"

"Oh. Yes. Very okay. Brilliant, actually, it is just, in fact, the sexiest thing that's ever happened to me, and I'm mildly afraid I'm going to pitch backward over this railing and fall to my death with my cock out." Zagreus cleared his throat and wiped at his cheek with the back of his hand, the one mark the fight had left on him still bleeding sluggishly. "Sorry. I ramble when I'm—you know this."

Achilles smiled, leaning his chin on Zag's thigh, his first two fingers still hooked in the waistband of Zag's leggings. "I know, yes," he said. "Just let me know what you want, love."

"I want to be good for you," Zag said, without thinking.

Achilles said, "you always are," like he hadn't just entirely devastated Zagreus in all the best ways with three simple words.

Zagreus didn't have a chance to respond, just the feeling of Achilles' hand around his cock enough to have him at a loss for words. When Achilles got his mouth around him, there was little chance Zagreus would ever remember how to speak again, unless the word was Achilles' name.

Achilles brought him off like that, with Zagreus sighing wordless sweetness and holding tight to his shoulders, not entirely able to keep himself from thrusting forward into the welcoming heat of Achilles' throat as he came, which only made the corners of Achilles' eyes crinkle up like he would have been smiling if he wasn't busy driving Zagreus to insanity with his mouth.

Predictably, the first thing Zagreus breathed when he regained the ability was "*Achilles*." The second was, "*fuck*. Want me to return the favor? I'll do anything."

"Not right now, lad," Achilles said, giving him another kiss, curling his tongue in Zag's mouth just to let Zagreus taste himself. "I have plans."

He looked wild, cunning, a light in his eyes like he was about to offer to tease Zagreus for days on end and he *knew* he could make good on it. Achilles had always been confident, but he'd never been deliberately sexy, and Zagreus was near-disappointed Achilles hadn't agreed to let him return the favor, because he wanted to get on his knees for Achilles. He wanted to know what Achilles had in mind even more, though.

"Alright," he said, as Achilles expertly pushed Zag's clothes back into place and turned him to face the door to his bedroom. "What do your plans entail?"

Achilles patted him on the ass, spurring him to move forward. "We're going to give Patroclus a little surprise."

— — —

He had one chance to get to Elysium.

Well, alright, if he died, he'd just end up in the Styx, but he wasn't entirely certain how that would work out with the *surprise* Achilles had in mind for Patroclus.

Zagreus had, thankfully, become an expert at finding their home, a comfortable little place a short distance from the glade where Zagreus had first stumbled upon Patroclus, muttering wistfully to the air. The doors of the underworld were as impossible a maze to him as they'd ever been, but now, he felt that Achilles and Patroclus drew him to their side, like there was a cosmic force that pulled him to them.

Probably a cosmic force made primarily of erotic energy, especially given what he was about to do.

He was panting and sweating for less pleasurable reasons when he reached the door, but thankfully, he'd run into a fountain a couple of chambers back, so he wasn't too badly injured. But getting all the way to Elysium always resulted in *some* bumps and bruises, especially when he was...

Yeah.

He knocked on the door even though he probably didn't need to, and Pat gave him a curious once-over when he entered.

"You're a sight, stranger."

He probably was, flushed and shifting anxiously on his feet, wild-eyed. Patroclus couldn't see the half-hard swell of Zagreus' cock beneath the hem of his chiton, but he could certainly see the way Zag's pupils were blown wide, the bead of sweat rolling down his neck.

"Yeah, well." He swallowed, his throat tight, turning it into a gasp. "I spoke to Achilles."

"Did you?" Patroclus beckoned him inside, closing the door behind him. "You'd best tell me what you spoke of, then."

The main room of their house looked the same as it always did, although it was steadily becoming more cluttered the longer Achilles lived here and gave Patroclus the motivation to fill the home with things for both of them. The wall stand Zagreus had installed for them only had Patroclus' spear resting on it, and Zagreus set Varatha there, his fingers shaking a little as he drew away.

"It was, you know, me... showing you what I learned."

"And? Did you come to any conclusion?" Patroclus asked him, reclining on the couch in the center of the room and gesturing for Zagreus to join him. He did, although he was quite certain he'd end up begging for Patroclus to have him right there.

In order to join him, Zagreus had to take off his pauldron, lest the bulky armor keep him a precious few inches from the man he wanted to be beside. Zagreus sat closer than need be, and Patroclus set one hand on his thigh, which made Zagreus shift, pressing his legs together. "Yes," he said, his voice coming out deeper and throatier than intended. "Yes, sir, I've concluded that I would like to do that and more."

"Well, then," Patroclus said, pulling his hand back and setting it innocently in his lap. "Show me what you would like to do, my prince."

Chills raced the length of his spine again, and Zagreus found his shoulder blades drawing together as his whole body reacted. *Gods*, the question wasn't what to do, it was what to do *first*.

Well, at the very least, he could start with something he'd been wanting to do for a long time, perhaps since before he'd known Patroclus was Achilles' lost love. He set a hand on Patroclus' shoulder, leaning in slowly to kiss him, giving Patroclus all the time in the world to hold him in return, if he so pleased. He did not, not yet, it seemed, willing to let Zagreus take the lead. Achilles was patient with Zagreus, always had been, but Patroclus, Zagreus predicted, could be patient to the point of frustration.

Zagreus would have to try hard to rile him up. At least he'd always liked a challenge.

Patroclus responded to his kisses with slow, easy movements, making a low, sweet noise into Zagreus' mouth when Zag sucked on his lower lip. He sounded deeply pleased when Zagreus touched him, his skin feeling just as warm and solid under Zag's fingers as Achilles' did. Zagreus wound one arm around Patroclus' shoulders, tipping his head to kiss him deeper, his other hand dipping beneath Patroclus' knee and feeling up the back of his thigh until he met the white band that Patroclus wore tied around his thigh for seemingly no other purpose than drawing Zagreus' attention to his legs.

Eventually, after much prompting and Zagreus climbing halfway into his lap, Patroclus got his hands on Zagreus. They were rougher than Achilles', Patroclus' skin having retained the calluses he must have formed more easily while they were both alive, since Patroclus was not invulnerable as Achilles was.

And gods, was he skilled with them. Achilles must have told him a thing or two about Zagreus as well, because Patroclus knew every place to touch Zagreus to get him to whine and arch into it, gentle as he could be but somehow more erotic than it would have been if he were clutching Zag tightly to him.

One hand pressed against the small of Zag's back, urging him forward, and *fuck*, it was too much. He pulled away, feeling a bit wild as he shook his head, trying and failing not to rock forward and grind against Patroclus' stomach. "Ah, sir, I wanted to—Achilles sent me with something for you."

"And what could he send you with that would please me more than another kiss from you?" Patroclus asked, nectar-sweet.

"Well." Zagreus shifted in his lap. "You'll have to undress me to find out."

Pat's eyebrows rose, and his hands settled on Zag's hips. "Oh?"

"Yeah." Zagreus licked his lip, imagining he could taste something of Patroclus in the curve of his own mouth, now. "Please, it's just... gods, I need you."

Patroclus' composure dropped away all at once, his mouth dropping open as he took a heavy breath, his head tipping forward to settle on Zagreus' shoulder. "*Fuck*, I cannot deny you anything. Achilles didn't tell me you were a damn siren."

Zagreus laughed, made to get off Patroclus' lap, but Pat kept him right where he was at, his hands going beneath Zagreus' thighs. He got up, lifting Zagreus to carry him with, oh. Yes.

Zagreus made himself sufficiently distracting while Patroclus carried him into the bedroom, kissing his neck and squeezing his legs tight around Pat's waist, letting him feel Zag's hard cock against his stomach. It made Patroclus drop him quite unceremoniously onto the bed, even the impact with the soft mattress sending a jolt through Zagreus' body, given that he'd landed straight on his ass, and he was left hoping Patroclus didn't interpret the way he cried out as anything more than arousal from what Patroclus had already done to him, lest he figure out the surprise too early on.

Patroclus began with taking off Zagreus' greaves, which was a step in the right direction, but his next move was to remove the bracelets around Zag's right wrist, which just had Zagreus whining and shoving his hand down in the direction of his belt.

"Sir, please. Don't bother with that, I need..."

"What is it that's got you wound so tightly?" Patroclus wondered, removing his belt and then pulling at his chiton to bare his torso, removing one layer at a time and carefully setting them to the side. "I can't bring myself to believe Achilles did not let you come."

"And what's led you to believe Achilles and I did anything more than talk?" Zagreus asked, kicking him gently in the side. "You ought to get your mind out of the dirt, Patroclus."

"Mere reasoning," Patroclus said. He put a hand on Zagreus' neck. "These marks here, they weren't something you were given in any of your fights on the way up."

"Oh. I forgot he—yes, they're from Achilles," Zagreus admitted, as Patroclus moved his hands to kiss over the marks and Zagreus bemoaned the fact that Pat still wasn't removing his leggings.

"And what more did he do to you, I wonder," Patroclus mused, hands stroking Zagreus' thighs but not reaching for his waistband.

"He... he used his mouth," Zagreus said, head tipping back, his hands curling into fists in the bedsheets even though he'd much rather be using them to get rid of the last of his clothes. "And then he—Pat, I can't tell you, you just need to take them off, sir, please!" He was already so aroused there was a wet spot at the crotch of his leggings, and it was impossible not to wiggle in Patroclus' grasp.

"You should count yourself lucky," Patroclus said, finally easing Zagreus' leggings down. "My curiosity has gotten the better of my need to tease you until you can't speak. Now, what could you possibly be—oh."

He'd cut himself off because as soon as as Zag's leggings had been tossed unceremoniously to the floor, Zagreus had spread his legs, revealing just how much Patroclus had affected him, and, more importantly, the flat base of the polished stone plug Achilles had filled him with before sending him off to meet with Patroclus.

"Achilles has outdone himself, I see," Patroclus said, his voice soft and awe-filled, his fingers pushing gently on the base of the plug and making Zag yelp as the action had it pressing against him in all the right places. "As have you. Did you fight through all of Tartarus and Asphodel and most of Elysium with this in you? You must have."

"Mm! Yes. I... I like a challenge." He squirmed as Patroclus continued to jostle the toy, likely because he was enjoying the reactions he was getting out of Zag. "Made fighting the bone hydra a bit of a nightmare, though."

"Oh? I'll bet you had to pause for a moment after you finished that fight, so that the sensation didn't overwhelm you." He fit his forefinger in alongside the base of the plug, which made Zagreus moan and curse. "And I'll bet it overwhelmed you anyway."

"Yes, sir, but I knew you would like it," he said, as flirtatiously as he could manage, given that Patroclus was nearly driving to orgasm and *he hadn't even gotten it in, yet*. "And so I had to persevere. Had to eagerly await the moment when you'd replace it with something—fuck, with something *better*, please."

"And whatever might that be?" Patroclus was unerringly steady. He also angled the toy against Zag's prostate, which made Zag damn near *shout* his need.

"If you don't give me your cock, Patroclus, I swear—"

Patroclus' laugh was truly uproarious, and he stretched out over Zagreus to kiss him. "You sound exactly like Achilles!" He pressed another kiss to Zag's jaw, his beard tickling. "Can't wait for a second, either of you."

"Have you ever considered," Zagreus proposed, "that may have something to do with how attractive you are?" He twisted, arched his back, but Patroclus held him steady, held the toy in place. "How could anybody be patient in the face of all... I mean—gods, mortals, you're more gorgeous than all of them."

Patroclus continued making his way down, kissing Zag's sternum next. "Achilles is going to be jealous, hearing you say such things about me."

"No, he won't," Zagreus scoffed. "He'd just back me up."

"We'll have to see," Patroclus said. "When we have you between the two of us."

Zagreus cried out, both because he was imagining that occasion in his future and because Patroclus was *finally* sliding the plug out of him.

Removing it left him struggling with that strange feeling of emptiness, but only for a moment, because Patroclus' fingers were filling him next, slipping through the mess of oil that Achilles had left there.

"Pat, you don't need to do all that," Zagreus said, because Achilles had prepared him very well, and Patroclus' fingers were *not* what he was angling for. Though, it did feel incredible.

"I was wondering if Achilles had come in you before he sent you my way. That would be interesting," Patroclus said. It took Zagreus a moment to understand his meaning, mostly because Patroclus' thumb was pressing firmly against Zagreus' perineum while he fucked Zag on his first two fingers. "You'll have to suggest it to him. I somehow doubt it would work the other way 'round, what with you floating down the Styx and all."

"Haaa, 'interesting' is certainly a word for it." Zagreus draped an arm across his face, hiding Patroclus from view. "But, no. He wouldn't let me get him off. Said the two of you had some odd... agreement."

"Not an agreement, in so many words. But I told him it would be somewhat unfair if he got to have you *again* before I did." Patroclus curled his fingers, pressing against Zagreus in the same place the toy had been driving him insane. "He must think so, as well. Now, stranger. Tell me how he takes you."

"Ah, well. The first time, I was on top of him for all of a minute before I begged him to put me on my back and fuck me," Zagreus said. "In my

opinion, I've begged for you enough, so you ought to just do it."

"Should I?"

"Please, sir," Zagreus said once more for good measure.

"Did he tell you that you needn't call him 'sir' like this?" Patroclus asked.
"Or did he like it?"

"Can't recall." Zagreus shifted underneath him, rocking forward to fuck himself on Patroclus' fingers. As he got them inside him up to the knuckle, Patroclus pulled his hand back. "Come *on*, what does a man have to do to seduce you?"

"I'm fairly well-seduced." Patroclus said. "You need only be patient a moment longer." He didn't bother taking off his clothes, wiping his hand on the hem of his chiton before lifting the hem just enough to reach for his cock. He was gratifyingly hard.

Zagreus found himself hissing, "yes," as Patroclus pushed into him. He luxuriated in it, stretching out with his hands over his head. Patroclus felt a little thicker than Achilles, or perhaps it had just been too long since Zagreus had last had Achilles' cock. He eased in slowly and pulled back with equal lack of haste, until just the head of his cock was inside.

"I'll bet," he said, "Achilles calls you 'lad' while he does this."

Zagreus could answer with little more than a gasp, because Patroclus had accompanied his astute assumption by thrusting back inside all at once, making Zagreus' toes curl and his hands clutch involuntarily at the sheets.

"I'm right, aren't I?" Patroclus asked, still not awaiting his answer. "Do you want to know why he does it?"

"Yes," Zagreus said again, not certain whether he was answering Patroclus' question or showing his appreciation for the way Patroclus had given up on patience, fucking into him hard and fast from the start.

"I can't say for sure." Patroclus' voice was just now starting to show any sign of exertion, his breathing getting steadily heavier. "Because you're the only person he's ever referred to that way. But it's a little bit of sweetness. His affection for you runs deep—he still calls you the same pet name he's used since you were young not because he still sees you that way, but because his love for you has evolved so naturally it still feels right for him."

Zagreus supposed it was, perhaps, a bit of the same for him.

"That's—*hah*—my guess, anyhow." Patroclus' rhythm stuttered and then he pushed in to the base, gathering Zagreus close in his arms to kiss him. "Gods, how did he ever let you go? You feel divine."

Zagreus answered him with a bitten-off whine, knew his nails were digging lines into Patroclus' back and hoped he wouldn't mind terribly.

"You feel good, too," Zagreus said, which was an understatement, but he was pleasantly flushed and gratified with Patroclus' compliment to think of more accurate adjectives. Patroclus kissed his neck and Zagreus tipped his head back, giving him more room. His skin would probably go even redder from Patroclus' beard, and he delighted in that. "Keep doing that, please."

Patroclus laughed, and Zagreus could feel his chuckle rumble through his chest. He gripped Zag's waist, his hands so big they made Zagreus feel positively delicate in comparison. He used that grip to tug Zag's hips up, holding him so that Patroclus could fuck him with better efficiency.

His breath was hot against Zagreus' neck as he said, "Achilles tells me you can come from this alone."

"Sometimes," Zagreus said. "It takes... ah!" The position, as it turned out, allowed Patroclus to hit his prostate on every thrust. It had him so aroused his breath caught every time he tried to speak. "It takes something like running all the way to Elysium with a toy up my ass, and then being fucked by, mm... fucked by a man I've wanted for gods-know-how-long."

"Good," Patroclus said. "I want you to come for me." He continued to fuck into Zagreus roughly, but his thumbs rubbed gently back and forth where he

held Zag by the waist. "Will you do that for me, Zagreus?"

Zagreus would have done it even if Patroclus hadn't asked, as wound-up as he was. He'd never connected an escape run from his Father's realm with any level of eroticism, but the Pact, being not fucking insane, did not necessitate something in his ass.

His legs squeezed tight around Patroclus' waist as he came, keeping him buried as deep inside Zagreus as he could be, and Patroclus pulled one hand free of Zag's hip to stroke through his hair, leaning their foreheads together.

Zagreus opened his eyes, and found that Patroclus was looking directly at him, watching him come. That image alone had him shuddering through after-shocks strong enough to be a second orgasm, his flame-licked heels digging into the small of Patroclus' back.

"*My god*," Patroclus breathed, not the plural, because he was talking about Zagreus.

"Keep going. Please." Zagreus uncrossed his ankles, loosening his grip just enough to allow Patroclus to move. "Fill me up, sir."

"As you wish, my prince," Patroclus said, and he kissed Zagreus while he obeyed.

— — —

"Not so fast," Achilles said, a tone in it like he wished Patroclus wouldn't listen and would instead continue undressing him anyway.

There was only one thing, these days, that would prompt Achilles to delay Patroclus in stripping him down and fucking him silly in the middle of their preferred Elysian glade. Well. Two things, because Odysseus had decided they were friends once more and was fond of arriving unprompted whenever Patroclus was trying to get his hands on Achilles, as if the old man had a sixth sense for Patroclus' libido.

In any case.

"Are we waiting on a visit from that lad of yours?" Patroclus asked. This, he could mostly assume based on the quantity of golden laurel leaves that had been in Achilles' hair when he arrived in Elysium. Patroclus didn't entirely stop touching Achilles, but he was no longer undressing him, which meant that Achilles could not complain, even if Patroclus was fondling his ass through that ridiculously long skirt he wore.

"I believe he's 'that lad of *ours*' now," Achilles corrected him. He made no comment about Patroclus' hands on his ass, but he did press his thigh between Patroclus' legs to tease back. "And, yes. I expect he'll be coming by shortly."

"And you *don't* want me to have you naked and moaning beneath me when he comes through that door?"

"Half-naked," Achilles said.

"Hm?"

"You may have me half-naked beneath you when he arrives," Achilles said, as if it was a compromise. As if Patroclus wasn't about to convince him to take all his clothes off anyhow.

"Well, thankfully, you did not describe which half," Patroclus teased, reaching for Achilles' skirt again.

Before Achilles could protest, the rumbling metal-on-metal scrape of the door opening filled the chamber and the sizzling steps of *their* lad followed behind.

"Oh, good, you're both here—" Zagreus stopped himself short, giving them a curious look. They were both on the ground, Achilles' armor having been removed, and Patroclus was practically sitting in Achilles' lap, so his confusion was somewhat warranted. "Am I interrupting something?"

"Certainly not," Patroclus said neatly. "Help me convince Achilles to take his clothes off, stranger."

"You can't seriously call me 'stranger' any longer," Zagreus said, his nose wrinkling. "You've had your cock in me, that puts us at acquaintances at the very least."

Patroclus gave him a noncommittal 'hm' and reached around to try to undo Achilles' clothing. His lover was as astute as ever and quicker than Patroclus to boot, and he batted his hand aside.

"Come here, lad," Achilles said, but Zagreus already had been, dropping his heavy shield onto the grass with a *thump* before sitting beside the two of them. "I had a thought, last I saw you." The look on Achilles' face told Patroclus he was going to enjoy this thought. He was wearing that cat-like smile he used to don before he convinced Patroclus to do something stupid—and when had that changed, Patroclus wondered.

"What is it, sir?" Zagreus asked, bearing so much of the frankly adorable puppy-like excitement he wore around Achilles, Patroclus was hard pressed not to snatch him up and kiss him over and over until he was laughing too hard to breathe.

Achilles settled one hand on Zagreus' chin, tipping his face up. His other hand rested in their prince's lap, squeezing the bulge in his leggings just enough to make Zagreus' eyes go glassy. He didn't understand the meaning of the gesture, most likely, but it wasn't meant that way. Achilles was showing off for Patroclus.

"I thought you might like to show him something else I've taught you," Achilles said, his thumb pressing against the very center of Zagreus' lower lip, where it was fullest. "If I'm correct, he didn't take your mouth last time, did he?"

"No." Zagreus licked his lower lip, the action only emphasizing the curve of his mouth. "I am quite good with it, sir." He directed that at Patroclus, his eyes flicking over because his chin did not leave Achilles' hand, keeping himself supplicated before his mentor. "To be entirely honest, I might be a bit more practiced than I was last time you and I..." he told Achilles.

"Then I look forward to seeing what you've learned," Achilles said, tugging him in for a little kiss.

It had been a long time, Patroclus realized, since he'd watched Achilles kiss somebody. Of course, Achilles kissed him often, but there was a certain something about watching the way his lover approached, his movements as neat as his spear-work, his golden lashes fluttering closed and his lips parting as he drew Zagreus in with the hand that held his chin.

Zagreus, too, was lovely to watch. Patroclus used to think Achilles blushed easily, but Zagreus was as prone to it as his Achilles, if not more so. He was sweet and open to the touch, his hands resting gently on Achilles' chest, snaking up to hold the back of his neck, keeping Achilles in place so that Zagreus might kiss him again. He caught the slip of Zagreus' tongue into Achilles' mouth, the way Achilles' free hand had gone to stroking at Zagreus through his leggings.

Patroclus wondered how quietly he could remove his armor. He'd been so preoccupied with undressing Achilles, he was still fully clothed.

Zagreus moaned into Achilles' mouth, a noise Patroclus recognized from their last rendezvous. Zagreus would be sufficiently distracted, then. All he had to contend with was Achilles, who was likely to notice and say something, but equally likely to notice and let Patroclus carry out his plan.

He got his breastplate off without incident, which was the most likely part to clatter about. By the time he was rid of the rest of his armor, Zagreus was attempting to climb into Achilles' lap, and Achilles was eagerly helping him along, kissing him so deeply Patroclus could hear it even at his distance.

It was removing his bracer, which he only did once fully nude, that alerted them.

This was because he dropped it purposefully on top of his breastplate to make a sound and get their attention, like a cat knocking over a pitcher of water.

"Oh!" Zagreus' eyes and mouth both went charmingly wide and then sensually narrow. "Oh, yes."

"Couldn't undress me, so you went for the next best thing?" Achilles suggested, and was correct.

"Well, our prince didn't give me time to undress myself before," Patroclus said.

"A grave error, I'm realizing." Zagreus swiped his thumb across his lower lip, like he'd been drooling and had to correct that. "I was serious, before. Let me get my mouth on you, sir."

"In a moment," Patroclus said. "Continue with what you were doing," he said, waving one hand as if he were a director instructing actors to return to the scene. "Well. Only do that if what you were doing was indeed about to be wrestling the clothes off one another."

Achilles, who had been undoing Zagreus' pauldron while Zagreus was distracted, hummed his agreement. "Come, lad," he said. "You know how to rid me of all this quite efficiently."

He did, although 'efficient' was not the best word for it. Zagreus was prone to pausing to kiss Achilles between, and managed to situate himself in Achilles' lap once again, which meant he had to clamber off in order to remove his leggings and Achilles' criminally long skirt.

Achilles grasped one of Zagreus' shoulders and his opposite hip, something Patroclus knew was going to precede Achilles tackling him to the ground, and so he slipped an arm around Zagreus' waist instead, pulling him in until his back was against Patroclus' chest. They sat in a haphazard pile of their shed clothing, the soft grasses of the Elysian field poking up between textiles.

"I believe it's my turn with our dear boy," Patroclus said, bending his head to kiss Zagreus' neck, because it'd driven him mad last time. Achilles was pouting, but in that dignified way he had where you'd never know he was being petulant unless you were well-acquainted.

Zagreus, it turned out, knew him well enough to see past his aristocratic face. "It's all right, Achilles, you won't be left out. Want to have my ass while he has my mouth?"

"It's very good," Patroclus said, shifting his hands to grip Zagreus' thighs, his thumbs pressing against the swell of Zagreus' ass. "You would know, of course, being the first person who had him."

"The two of you together is going to be too much for me to handle," Achilles said, wrapping his hand around Zagreus' cock and stroking him ostensibly to keep him from retorting.

Patroclus had no such distraction. "It's alright, Achilles, we'll handle you right back."

"Terrible. Both of you. Tell me you've brought oil with you."

"Didn't you?" Patroclus asked him. Achilles was, after all, the one who'd known Zagreus was on his way to them. Patroclus may have been planning to fool around with Achilles, but they didn't typically go *that* far while out in the open.

Achilles pressed a hand to his mouth to stifle laughter. "I thought you had it!"

"Achilles, please, this is a serious issue," Patroclus said, although he couldn't keep himself from grinning. The best-laid plans were nothing in the face of the two of them thinking the other had done something. "Well, now. Which one of us runs back to the house?"

"You're going to make me do it because I'm faster," Achilles complained.

"Well, you *are* faster," Patroclus reasoned.

"That doesn't mean—"

"Actually, sirs," Zagreus said, comfortingly patting Patroclus' hand where it rested on his hip, "I brought some." He slipped free of Patroclus' grip, shifting through his scattered clothing. Patroclus had no idea how he

managed to hide all the plunder he retrieved from his father's lands, but he did it somehow, and he'd also hidden a little glass bottle among the miscellania.

Praise the Prince of Hell, because he was apparently the only one with some sense about him, here.

"I see you came up here with something in mind," Patroclus said, plucking the bottle from Zagreus' fingers.

"And you should be glad I did."

"Achilles should be glad you did," Patroclus amended. "I was going to get your mouth on me regardless." He passed the bottle over Zagreus' shoulder to Achilles, and they each came closer, wedging Zagreus between the two of them.

Patroclus kissed Achilles over Zagreus' shoulder, and yet Zagreus was the one to react, a soft little noise that was almost plaintive in quality. He shifted between them, his hands flat on Patroclus' chest. Zagreus ran warm, and the heat of him was pleasant where they made contact. He tugged Zagreus closer, settling a hand on his lower back, which allowed Zagreus' cock to rub up against Patroclus' hip. He was hotter, here, and he sounded as if he was biting his lip to stifle another soft cry.

"Pat, I think our prince feels neglected," Achilles said, his speech mangled due to Patroclus trying to kiss him through the whole of it.

"Hardly," Zagreus said, although there was a note of immense eagerness in it.

"I suppose I ought to pay you some more attention," Patroclus told him. Zagreus was halfway through something that was likely an agreement when Patroclus kissed him. If the way he melted into Patroclus' arms was any indication, he was certainly agreeable.

Zagreus gasped against Patroclus' mouth and rutted against Patroclus' hip, and so Patroclus didn't need to open his eyes to know that Achilles had

pushed a finger into him. He wondered if this was how Achilles had opened Zagreus up last time, before inserting the toy Zagreus had been sent off to Patroclus with. Zagreus was clutching at his shoulders by the time Patroclus separated from him, pushing forward to grind against him harder.

"Achilles." Zagreus leaned his head back, onto Achilles' shoulder. "Give me another, please."

"Not yet," Achilles said, which made Zagreus whine like the spoiled prince he absolutely was not, except for, perhaps, in bed. "Pat, move back. He can't get his mouth on your cock from there."

Patroclus obliged, of course, shuffling back on his knees, sinking back until he was sitting rather than kneeling, spreading his legs to give Zagreus room between. "Achilles taught you this, did he?" Patroclus asked, as Zagreus leaned in, kissing along his hip, drawing it out. "He must have grown more patient in the afterlife." (He said this knowing it was true.) "In life, he'd bowl me over to get on me, as if sucking my cock pleased him as much as it pleased me."

"I thought I'd take things slower with the lad," Achilles said. "Hope he didn't turn out as impulsive and spontaneous as I."

"How'd that work for you, sir?" Zagreus asked him. Patroclus felt Zagreus' laughter against his shaft.

Achilles made a disgruntled noise in response and added another finger, which made Zagreus shiver, his hands gripping tight to Patroclus' knees.

When he'd recovered from Achilles' handiwork, Zagreus opened his mouth, swallowing Patroclus to the hilt in one motion. It was neat, purposeful, and accompanied by Zagreus' fingernails digging into Patroclus' thighs. The action suited him.

"You have indeed gotten better," Achilles praised him, bending over him to kiss his spine, right between his shoulder blades. "The first time he tried that on me, he choked," he explained to Patroclus.

"Poor thing." Patroclus cradled Zagreus' head in one hand. With his eyes closed like this, dark lashes fanned out over pink cheeks, he could have been any mortal youth eager to please an older, more accomplished man. When he opened them, Patroclus was faced with the intimate knowledge that there was a god on his knees before him.

It wasn't for long; his eyes rolled closed when Achilles spread his fingers, then shoved them back in to his knuckle, curling them within him to pet him where he was most sensitive, probably. Patroclus was a tease but Achilles was not. Instead, he was prone to giving his lovers exactly what they wanted, but in so large a measure they became just as overwhelmed as they would have been had he spent hours edging them slowly.

Patroclus had learned how to slow him down, but Zagreus hadn't—it mostly involved pinning him down to fuck him.

Certainly, Zagreus had not learned that.

Perhaps Patroclus had something to teach him yet.

He let that thought slip away for a moment, more focused on the pleasant heat of Zagreus' mouth, the vibration of his throat as he moaned when Achilles pushed into him. Achilles' expression was one of absolute bliss, and he rocked forward with a thrust that forced Zagreus to brace himself, lest he be shoved further into Patroclus' lap somehow.

If it had been a long time since Patroclus had watched Achilles kiss someone, it had been just as long since Patroclus had watched Achilles fuck someone. Since Achilles' return to his side, they had made love while wrapped up in one another completely, so close together, Patroclus had not been able to observe one of his favorite things: the strength and precision of Achilles' muscle working while he fucked.

It had him desperate to come within moments, although there was no way he was going to keep up with a god and a half, regardless.

He'd been planning for that.

He'd not been planning for the look Achilles gave him when he came, like he, too, was immensely aroused at seeing his protege pleasure his lover. It made Patroclus hope desperately that their lad would be up for more, because Patroclus had missed this particular sort of indulgence.

Zagreus, well-trained indeed, swallowed everything Patroclus gave him, still sucking even as he started to soften, until Patroclus batted him on the shoulder. "Stop that," he said, already over-sensitive. "Achilles certainly did teach you."

Zagreus allowed Patroclus to wipe off his mouth even though there was nothing there. He laughed, but it turned into a moan—Achilles was still fucking him and would not want to let up.

Achilles, however, did not always get everything he wanted, especially when Patroclus had better ideas.

"How would you feel about a change of position, love?" Patroclus asked.

"That depends," Achilles said. He wound an arm around Zagreus' chest, sitting up with him still in a tight grip. Zagreus stretched up like he was showing off for Patroclus, which Patroclus appreciated. He certainly was very pretty.

"It simply occurs to me that there are some things you've not taught him," Patroclus said. "He knows how to take, but not how to give. As it were."

"You want me to give it to you?" Zagreus asked him. The two of them had started to slow, entertaining Patroclus' idea, but Achilles' hands still moved all over Zagreus' body.

"Not this time." Patroclus settled more comfortably into the makeshift blanket of all their shed clothing, glad he'd managed not to sit on any of the pointy metal bits or the skulls. "I don't recover as quickly as the two of you do. You especially. No, I want you to give it to *him*."

Achilles groaned, dropping his head onto Zagreus' shoulder. Zagreus attempted to look at him, hands hovering in the air as if he wasn't sure

where to move next. Unlike Patroclus, he could not tell that Achilles' response had been a very, very good one.

"Clarify, Achilles," he said. "Tell our prince you want his cock."

"Yes, damn it, I want him." Achilles' hands went to what he wanted, stroking at Zagreus' flushed cock. "If you'll have me, lad, I want it. Do you?"

"Fuck, sir, you really don't need to ask me twice. Yes. Yes, just... tell me how."

"Oh, I'll take care of instructing you," Patroclus said, stretching luxuriously before helping them into place.

They got Zagreus onto his back, his head resting in Patroclus' lap while Achilles rode him. He was shedding laurel leaves all over Patroclus' thighs, the little bits of foliage even warmer than Zagreus' body as they brushed his skin before falling to the garment spread out beneath them (Achilles' cloak, he thought). The leaves scattering all over was something Patroclus had noticed him doing when he was overwhelmed, and it would be difficult to be otherwise, given that he had Achilles straddling him, fucking himself on his cock like he was made to do it.

The only thing preferable to watching Achilles fuck was watching him take cock, Patroclus decided with a little air of wistfulness. The way his hips moved could easily have Patroclus aroused again, but his attention was focused on ensuring Zagreus' comfort.

And also on ensuring that Zagreus did not cover his face with his hands, which he was apparently prone to doing. Patroclus held his hands instead, his thumbs running over Zagreus knuckles as he kept him from hiding, watching his chest heave as he took deep breaths of cool Elysium air. His eyes were glazed and wet, tear tracks flowing from the corners of them as he fixed his attention on Achilles.

"Gods, you feel so..." Zagreus trailed off, his teeth digging into his lower lip. Patroclus caught the scent of burnt grass as Zagreus' heels dug into the

greenery, and he raised one of Zagreus' hands to his lips, peeling his fingers back from his palm so that he could press a kiss to the center.

"He's good, yes?"

Zagreus whimpered, but in this scenario, it was an acquiescence.

"Touch him," Patroclus said, releasing one of Zagreus' hands. He kept the other close to his face, close enough that he could feel the pulse in Zagreus' wrist under his lips. "Get him off, it won't take long. The way he goes all tight around your cock is going to drive you insane."

Zagreus had to shake his hand out, having balled it into so tight a fist, but Achilles seemed quite pleased with the way Zagreus stroked him. He was beyond words at this point, which meant that Patroclus was obligated to tell Zagreus he was a good lad in Achilles' stead.

Achilles smiled bright as a star listening to Patroclus give Zagreus his usual endearment, but his mouth dropped open as he came, painting Zagreus' belly and chest with white. He worked himself on Zagreus' cock all the while, which must have pitched Zagreus over the edge, too, if the way he clutched at Patroclus' hand was any indication.

Watching them come down from it, clumsy with newly-released lust and flushed with the aftereffects of orgasm, was perhaps just as good as watching them undress one another.

"Agh," Zagreus said, as he seemingly fumbled for words. He pulled Achilles in to kiss him, petting Achilles' thigh. "Dammit. *Fuuck*. How did you get so good at that, sir?"

Patroclus snickered as Zagreus addressed Achilles as 'sir' even after having spent himself inside the man. Achilles caught him at his amusement and pinched his shoulder.

"Well, lad," he said, looking between Zagreus and Patroclus. "I had a good teacher."

Author's Note:

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